Save for the Trout the Gamest Fish That Swims in Fresh Water.

A Contrast in the Methods of the Angler Sixty Years Ago and To-day.

An Hour Long Battle in the Delaward With a Big Striped Hass - Minnesota's Pickerel-The Seventeen Year Locus Fisherman Hunting the Quay Bird in the Old Days in North Carolina.

"The black bass season is here," said a veteran of the angle, "and it reminds me that I fished for that gamest of fishes of inland waters save the wild native brook trout, and killed many a big one, too, years and years before there was such a thing as a small mouth black bass known in New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey, or anywhere east of the Allegheny River except in Virginia waters. This was also years before the possibilities of almost matchless sport with this fish on light tackle was even dreamed of.

*On the Miami River in Ohio, from which sixty years ago I hauled some of the fines specimens of black bass I have ever seen we fished with hand or throw lines, big and strong enough almost to tether a bull. No such a thing as a leader had ever been heard of there. The line was fastened to the hook by a series of loops along the shank. Shedder crawfish, soft raws, we used to call them, was the only bait the bass-just bass we called them never black bass-would take.

The soft craw was fastened securely to the hook on the throw line, which was from to 75 feet long. The fisherman took the line in his right hand about two feet above the hook, having the rest of the line arranged on the ground so it would play out freely, and whirling the baited hook around at the end of the two feet of line until sufficient momentum was obtained let go of the line as the hook was in proper position in the air, and if the fisherman was expert the hook and line would go shooting out over the water swiftly dropping with the bait and with nearly onot all of the line taken out.

The fisherman then fastened the shore end of his line to a peg in the ground and waited for the bass to come along and take that soft craw with the hook in it Sometimes the bass would come and some imes it wouldn't, for the fish it seems had he same capricious temper in its native baters sixty years ago that it shows to ay, to our disappointment and disgust. the eastern streams and lakes of its doptive habitat. When he did come along and take in the hook with the soft craw on it, though, there was no mistaking his taking of it for that of any

The sudden quick movement of the line in the river, either to one side or the other, and its instant coming to a stop within a distance of two or three feet, told the fisherman on the shore that a bass had seized his bait with the swift rush upon it invariable with the strike of the black bass, but the fisherman simply quay." sat still. He knew what that bass was doing and just what it would do pretty soon. It was getting that soft craw inside of it, and when that was done the line would begin to move slowly out into the

used to say out there, the bigger the bass was that was moving away with it. When that movement began the fisherman rose, took hold of the line, and when all the slack was out he gave a smart jerk on it. and quickly following that jerk, up out of the water and two feet above it would come leaping a quivering fish. The hook was in its jaw, and the fisherman stoically hauled the stout line in, hand over hand, and the fish had to come along if its jaw

hass would throw so much stubborn resistance and fight so valiantly against being landed that it is to me now one of the oddest of things that no black bass fishermen with experience of such fights in those days awoke to the possibilities of sport with that game fish on a light rod and tackle. As matter of fact though such things as light rods and tackle were unknown in those rare old angling days thereabout. The fishpole cut in the woods, the binder twine line and the ring fish hook made up the best outfit we knew. But we certainly did catch fish.

"To-day the black bass is almost everywhere, its superior game qualities are recognized and its pursuit is the chief ambition of nine out of every ten anglers. Yet it is amazing how little the average person who goes out to have sport with

person who goes out to have sport with it knows even now about the best way to take black bass.

"In the first place a large proportion of those who go angling for black bass and an angle of the seed of the see

black bass, and the person who goes out expecting to take his fish on the fly will be a foolish angler if he doesn't take along with him an assortment of baits. Even this precaution may not insure him a successful issue of the day's fishing, but the probability is that he will find at least one of his assortment to the taste of the bass, and it may be that all of it will do some killing at some time during the day.

"Live minnows, young lampreys, crickets, frogs, dobson, grasshoppers, larvæ of the dragon fly, baby catfish and even the CAPRICIOUS IN APPETITE humble angleworm will at some time or another appeal to the black bass, if not in humble angleworm will at some time or one water in another. In some waters, early in the season, they rise readily to the fly, but in others, perhaps in the same vicinity, the fly is useless the year round.

"Taking everything into consideration I have found the trolling spoon the most dependable lure for this capricious fish. It may be well to say, though, that if a person bought all the trolling apparatus that is recommended by the fishing tackle people he would have to take a man along to carry it, a pocket full of money to pay the bill for it, and in the end would have to catch his fish with the ever successful silver book or come home fishless.

"Black bass, like all other fish, bite or rise to the fly or troll best on a cloudy a Blessing in Disguise for the Trout day, but with equal readiness in bright weather when the water is ruffled by a wind; some fishermen say a southwest wind is the best. More bass can be taken even when whitecaps are running than on Pickerel Belly a Bait That Lures When perfectly quiet day. Rough water has two advantages. The fish can't see you and if you are balt fishing it keeps your bait moving.

which there is cel grass or lily pads l allow my lure, whether it is fly, bait or troll, to approach the edge of the weeds or pads as closely as possible. A black oass, like a trout, has his favorite lurking place in which he is concealed and lurks

"He is also partial to sunken logs and tocks and around such retreats the big ones will always be sure to tarry. And he loves to sport among the uncanny places that form under old dams and among the rocks at the foot of bridge

"If you notice as you fish in such place on a clear day you may see some old mossback of a bass lolling quietly by the side of a rock or moving with slow dignity to and fro among them, his eye out trespassing minnows. The chances are if you have come stealthily to the place and he hasn't seen you or your shadow he will swim lazily up to the when near it, give it a critical inspection' seem to shut one eye and open his mouth in a smile, wag his tail and turn back to the rock below, swimming about to see whether some overconfident minnow or other fry is trespassing in his domain. Let that smart old chap alone for the day, but go quietly back to his lurking place when night has fallen, drop a lively minnow down among the rocks and if ou don't come home after a fight in the dark that will give you lasting joy, with four good pounds of black bass, then he must have gone away for the evening or you bungled the job."

HUNTING THE QUAY BIRD. Permitted in North Carolina.

is against the law to hunt the quar bird now," said a native of the "dismals" district of the North Carolina peninsula, "and of course it ought to be, but we used to think we had a heap of fun gathering in the long legged, wary, keen we found sport in it, though, for they weren't any good for the table.

"It was the swampers that gave the "It was the swampers that gave the bird utters at certain times, a cry that sounds like 'quay, quay,' You will perhaps know it better by its proper name of night heron. It is by no means nearly as common in the juniper and cypress swamps of that part of North Carolina as it used to be, but it still lingers in the old time haunts, and continues to be one of the most interesting of all the creatures that inhabit those 'dismals.' as we term them locally, although to the nature lover they are not dismal at all.

"To me the only thing that has made them dismal is the invasion of the lumberman, who is spoiling them by chopping away their venerable trees. It is to the bird utters at certain times, a cry that sounds like 'quay, quay,' as Blessing in Disguise.

"In spite of a prevailing belief to the contrary, the seventeen year locust is a blessing in disguise," said a Staten Island continues to be one of the most interesting of all the creatures that inhabit those 'dismals.' as we term them locally, are not wonderful trout streams, but I have never failed to get enough for breakfast. This time I found them so low from the lack of rain that only in the pools were so scary that it is to the birdet to deter the affair between the bluejays and my horse I hooked the horse to my bugy for a drive to the village. As he caught a sasiled him. That was too much for the was iogging along by the thicket those bluejays recognized him and instantly assailed him. That was too much for the said old nag to put up with assailed him. That was too much for reakfand don as to the old time fare away they were caught assailed him. That was too much for the said old nag to put up with assailed him. That was too much for the said old nag to put up with assailed him. That was too much for the valled by teams. Two of the safter the affair between the bluejays recognized him and instantly assailed him. That was too much for the valled by teams. Two extered by the travelled by teams. The other the affair between the bluejays recognized him and my

undisturbed portions of these dismals care as one would stalk a deer. that the night heron still resorts in the the nest that has been the domicile of its ancestors for time out of mind.

"In three weeks the young herons are they do not tarry a moment in the nest, trout were gathered. but climb out and clamber to the topparticular nestling leaves the egg with an appetite demanding instant and continuous attention the squawking they keep up would make the untutored visitor

"Added to the babel of sound proceeding from the young herons is the shrill the youngsters to shut up or let their using some I considered especially atvictuals stop their mouths. But altractive to rainbows, for this stream was though the throats of a thousand herons, young and old, might be filling the swamp with a deafening and discordant chorus, in vain, so I turned and fished up with a deafening and discordant chorus, in vain, so I turned and fished up with a deafening and discordant chorus, in vain, so I turned and fished up with a deafening a few native brooks.

medium sized bright fly if fly flahing. If trolling for bass I have invariably found the Skinner fluted casting spoon, No. 1, the most killing lure.

"But no flah is as fastidious and change-able in its food taste as the small mouth black bass, and the person who goes out they would take wing with an aggravating shrisk, as if voicing their satisfaction. ing shriek, as if voicing their satisfaction over their smartness and their enjoy-ment of his disappointment.

ment of his disappointment.

"Even when a hunter succeeded in getting a shot at a night heron, if he did not kill it, or wound it so it was helpless, he was sure to have trouble before he bagged his game. If simply crippled, the bird would seek a hiding place in the bushes or thick reeds. If the shelter was insufficient or the hiding place was uncovered by the hunter, the wounded heron would instantly put itself in fierce battle array, and with its triple feathered crest erect, its long bill enapping, its eyes blazing with fury, prepare to defend blazing with fury, prepare to defend itself to the end.

"Brought thus to bay, the wounded heron would fight savagely with bill and claws, and its claws are so sharp and strong that many a time they have proved a weapon so effectual that the hunter was compelled to retreat from close combat with the desperate bird. A wounded heron will likewise deliver telling blows with its wings, and more than one over confident heron hunter has been knocked

"All the while a heron wounded battle for its life with a hunter it utters loud and harsh cries, doubtless a signal of distress for it frequently happened that the hunter would suddenly find himself con ronted by other angry but uncrippled erons, which had come to the assistance of their companion in his difficulty. It such cases the hunter not abundantly supplied with ammunition always found pridence the better part of valor and left the field to the wounded heron and its

BLACK BASS LIKE IT.

"There are undoubtedly times when th black bass is off his feed, when the most tempting live bait, frog, minnow, helgramite or nightwalker will fail to interest him," said the veteran angler. such times he is apt to sulk, and even those murderous plugs with an array of gang hooks will not arouse his pugnacious spirit: for I am convinced that these devices only make him mad. He doesn't go at them because he thinks they are good to eat; give him credit for having more sense than that. He attacks them because they anger him and make him

"At such times many fishermen will advise you to use pork rind, and will tell baits had failed. I take such stories with a grain of salt. My experience has been that if a bass won't take something alive he isn't going to bother with anything dead, at least with nothing that has been dead so long as a chunk of salt pork.

"I used to try the pork bait occasionally on cloudy days or after sundown, and had about as good luck with it as the next fellow; but if I am fishing for bass in water where there are pickerel I much prefer a

strip of pickerel belly.

"I catch a small pickerel, cut him open and slice off a strip of the belly about four inches long and an inch wide. I shape this to a point at one end and slice it half way up, leaving the blunt end for the hook. This gives it a motion in the water like the hind legs of a free in action. As a casting bait to strip in by hand, coiling the line in the bottom of the boat. I find it very

mouth he realizes it isn't what he thought it was, and unless hooked the moment he strikes, he ejects it from his mouth.

"This is not the case with the strin of pickerel belly. He gets a taste of the fish, his natural food, and holds on to, it. Give him time to turn the bait in his mouth, just as with a frog or live minnow, and he is

there is a heavy ripple on the surface, a small spoon just above the hook will serve to attract attention to the bait. But under any circumstances I think you will find the pickerel belly bait far superior to the old fashioned pork rind.

TROUT EAT THEM.

berman, who is spoiling them by chopping trout in the pools were so scary that it away their venerable trees. It is to the was necessary to stalk them with as great

spring, takes possession of its old haunts vale Mountain to Black Creek, where and rears its young, usually rebuilding there is a stretch of stream about half a mile long tumbling down through a rocky gorge called Buttermilk Falls. There hatched and they are so vigorous that with intermediate pools and in these the

"Crossing the mountain. I noticed that most branches of the parent tree, where on every bush and shrub were dozens of they cling and clatter. There are four seventeen year locusts that had just made young ones in each nest and as every their appearance. They kept up a buzzing, droning chorus sounding not unlike the whirr of distant machinery. I picked several off the bushes and examined them closely and found them to be very atto the swamp at once ask for the nearest tractive in their coloring, much more so than the ordinary locust we see every summer.

cry of the old birds, as if sharply ordering fished down through the gorge with flies,

near where I live on Staten Island that affords good black base fishing. After I got back from Greenwood Lake I strolled over there to see how things looked, in anticipation of the opening of the base season on the 18th of this month. With my trouting experience still fresh in my mind, I caught several locusts and threw them into the pond. And the way those base gobbled them up almost made me disregard a rule I have followed all my life, never to take game out of season."

The Polish dish of trout Romanow is an epicurean delight, and Russian matelote

although with one thumb I was putting on brakes with all my might. I strove to check the rush of the fish in that direction, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a second too soon a delictous hot pie made with puff paste, trout, truffles and other good things.

The Polish dish of trout Romanow is an epicurean delight, and Russian matelote

"Almost 200 feet of my line was spun although with one thumb I was putting on brakes with all my might. I strove to check the rush of the fish in that direction, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a second too soon a desperate grab for the fish and not be possible to the rush of the strungling my and the protection, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a second too soon a delictous hot pie made with purple and on top of the strungling my and the protection, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a second too soon a delictous hot pie made with purple and on top of the strungling my and the protection, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a second too soon a delictous hot pie made with purple and on top of the strungling my trouting protection, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a second too soon a delictous hot pie made with protection, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a second too soon a delictous hot pie made with protection, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a second too soon a delictous hot protection, as if he kept it he would go head"I wasn't a secon

VENGEANCE OF THE BLUEJAYS Upon a Horse That Had by Accident

Destroyed Their Nest. "I hated to do it." said a suburban dweller, "for the birds were so pretty and Italian sauce in its composition. and had remained about my place in the country all winter, serving greatly to brighten things up during the sombre season, but I had either to make away with them or let them make away with

"Along one side of a field that stretches away from the rear of my place is a thick growth of bushes. Various kinds of birds find that thicket favorable for their nestpasture, and in the spring and early summer the cattle and horses pasturing there vary their diet by browsing on the sweet and tender young foliage of the thicket. Among the three or four horses in the field along in May was my horse, an unpretending and kindly old fellow and almost one of the family.

"One day I was working in my garden when I heard blue jays down in the thicket along the field fence making more noise than is usual even with those birds of harsh and strident voice. Looking down. that way. I saw four blue ays engaged in flerce and persistent assault on my horse.

"They were darting at him from all sides, pecking at his face, striking him in the neck and nipping his ears. poor old nag ran first one way and then another to escape the assaults of the excited and shrieking birds, but he was headed off by them whichever way he

"As there might be danger of the horse being blinded by some well aimed stroke of a blue jay's sharp bill. I hurried down to lend him my aid in escaping from the victous birds. Even after I arrived on the scene and took the horse by the mane and led him away from the spot the infuriated javs hovered about and followed us, making frequent bold dashes on the horse and inflicting jabs that made him

"I led the horse to the far side of the you of successful catches after all live field and the birds returned to the thicket. where they held noisy consultation at one particular spot and seemed to be in great tribulation. It was evident that my horse had offended the bluejavs in some way and to discover if possible in what way I walked over to the thicket. At the spot where the clamor of the jays was concentrated I found on the ground the bodies of three newly hatched bluejays.

"The four old birds circled about with noise and fury for a while as if inclined to hold me responsible in some way for the tragedy. Then they dashed away across the field toward where my horse had resumed his quiet feeding and arriving there angrily renewed their attack upon him.

"I hurried thither and again rescued him from the furious birds and they flew velling back to the thicket. As often as the horse was left to himself in the pasture the jays attacked him as flercely as ever and I was compelled to remove him from the field. The birds made no attack on any other of the horses, although two of the birds were clamoring in the bushes.

"The jays became quiet after a while and presumably went about their business. Believing that the unfortunate incident was closed. I turned my old horse into the pasture again, but he had no sooner begun to crop the grass than the jays emerged from the thicket again and renewed the assault on him with all the old him home and shut him in the barn.

"A road passes along the field on the other side of the thicket and is much

"No damage was done except to my temper. That was wrecked so that when I got home, returning by a round-"The first day I climbed over the Bell-ale Mountain to Black Creek, where here is a stretch of stream about half a here is a stretch of stream about half a shotgun.
"I hated to do it, but I couldn't stand

is a series of about half a dozen cascades by and see my horse constantly in icepardy, and I didn't want to sell him. At the same time I suppose the jays had some excuse for their enmity against the horse, for there is no doubt that while he was browsing along the edge of the thicket he had pulled down a limb on which a family of bluejays had their nest and imbled the young ones out of it to the ground. The jays were simply wreaking vengeance on the despoiler of the nest, although I am sure the old horse wouldn't have dumped that nest for all the julcy follage there was in the thicket if he only had known."

> WAYS OF COOKING TROUT. Enough Recipes to Provide One for Each hung by water birches that darkened it Day of the Year.

it appears on the menu as truite. Bachdelicate pink and white flesh.

The French do it up à la Cambacère in Rhine wine, with olives and truffles says the Epicure, and à la Chambard way along the edge of that pool when I means that Chablis is used also with felt the unmistakable chug that telegraphs truffles and other good things in the to the fisherman the strike of a striped

Gautier style is supposed to be a credit her. A la St. Florentin, à la Champignol, Daument and Française are other ac- far away from the sea. cepted modes, and trout & la Condé is often found on formal dinner menus. Spaniards dress trout with anchors

France and Spain the red trout or char Canny Scots dress their trout from Loch Lomond with white cream sauce, and it is not to be despised with hot ban-

nocks or fresh oaten cakes. The Dutch serve trout with sauce Holandaise, usually boiled and served hot. with their roe is a dainty which American rack.

epicurean delight, and Russian matelote of brook trout and medallions of brook trout with Russian salad are in their way quite as delicious as the Swedish cold poiled trout in jelly of the Itlaian mode invented by Count Carlo Borromeo of Milan, which includes sardine butter

Brook trout Provençal have a dash of garlic, like everything else from Provençal kitchens, but their trout in court bouillo is preferred by the Normans. The Germans combine trout with the roe of their national fish, the carp, and in Geneva and other Swiss towns the trout is simply broiled and served with lemon and melted butter.

The English have various dishes of ing places. The field itself is let as a trout, including trout with potatoes and shrimps, trout with crayfish tails, trout with green peas, brook trout with caper sauce and trout with shrimp sauce. Bouchées of trout with Béchamel sauce are not half bad, neither are trout masked in anchovy cream sauce, or fillets of trout with white Piedmontaise truffes or trout with care halfs.

with carp balls.

The sea trout which are caught in the The sea trout which are caught in the mouth of the Saguenay River are cooked in a delicious fashion by Antoine or Pierre or some of the French Canadian guides of the Richelieu and Ontario preserves, and back in the mountain lakes not far from Tadousac one may bring out hundreds of speckled trout from their haunts, or perhaps if one wishes greater sport let him go to the haunts of Henry van Dyke, the scenes of his "Days Off" in the Marguerite salmon rivers, and after he has caught the great gamy salmon let him wrap their fillets in green leaves, then a coating of wet clay or mud and bury them in the hot ashes under a crackling fire of birch and poplar logs.

Or in the Rangeley Lakes if he wants something new, let him hunt up Spoff Flint, who is known from Rangeley to Errol Dam, and ask him to make one of his famous trout chowders with great slices of salmon trout, milk, onions and potatoes.

"But," the writer says in conclusion, the since a greater of it to wade out toward the middle of the river, where the water was shallower, hoping to lead the fish that down the rift and the possibility of his yet meeting his fate in the fish trap. But the bass was not inclined to be led out into the river and he started down stream again. This time, though, he save outside the Jersey shore wing of the eel rack and took to the smooth glide of water that lay between that wing and the shore, a reach of stream perhaps a hundred feet wide running down a good soo feet to where the river broadened out below the rift.

"I was unable to hold the fish in check, and he soon whirred off nearly all the line on the river with the line of the river, where the water was shallower, hoping to lead the fish that way and hold him from another dash down the rift and the possibility of his yet meeting his fate in the fish trap. But the bass was not inclined to be led out into the river and he started down stream again. This time, though, he saved outside the Jersey shore wing of water that lay between that wing and of water that lay between that

slices of salmon trout, milk, onions and po-tatoes.
"But," the writer says in conclusion,
"after all the globe trotter who has eaten trout in all climes at state banquets, at gilded Parisian restaurants, at foreign embassies and mountain hotels in the Tyrol, is likely to agree with me, I think, and say that a brook trout, dipped in In-dian meal and fried with crisp slices of salt pork in a plebeian frying pan, is the king of all modes of cooking the speckled beauties."

BATTLE ROYAL WITH A FISH This Angler Proud of Catching a Big

Striped Bass in the Delaware. "The battle royal of my life with a game fish," said an angler of wide and varied experience with the rod, "was with a ten pound striped base.

"A striped bass of that size is nowaday something to boast of by fishermen who seek that strenuous fish in the turmoil of the ocean surf or in its haunts in the estuaries of the sea coast, although when these fish were more plentiful than they are now a twenty-five pounder was not uncommon and sixty pounders not unknown. This particular ten pound striped bass of which I have pleasant memory was hooked and killed in the clear, cold, rippling fresh water of the upper Delaware River a hundred and more miles from the sea.

"I was staving a few days at a Dela ware Valley village one fall some years them were feeding near the spot where ago, and out early one morning for a stroll toward the river I met a native with two big fish strung on a forked stick. The sight of them surprised me and I topped the man and asked him where n the world he got those fish

"Them rockfish?' said he. Ketched em in the river last night. Only got ten last night, as they wasn't runnin' very good. These here two is spoke for

"The rockfish were striped bass and good eight pounders. The thing that amazed me, though, was that striped base should be taken in that fresh water so far away from the sea. I learned that they were no novelty there, having been caught as long as any one could remem-ber every fall. They were taken in eel

"No one thereabout had ever thought of fishing for the bass with hook and line. I knew the extraordinary game qualities of the striped bass and the idea of accomplishing the unheard of feat of killing s striped bass with hook and line in those far away mountain waters appealed to me. There was no tacke thereabout fitted for striped bass, so I sent to New York and got

"I had no necessity for getting any of the baits we used in the home waters. for I found that the striped bass that fell to the eel racks in the Delaware were feeding on small, silvery fish, which were strange to me and which on inquiry I found were young shad, the product of the spring's hatching. As there were many of them intercepted every night by the eel racks I had no trouble in getting

the river to the Jersey side, landing a mile up stream, at the head of a rift in which an eel rack was set. The bed of the Delaware River is rocky, and a rift is a stretch of more or less fall that makes of the water passing over it a miniature rapid.

"Near the shore at the head of this rift, just where the water began its flight over the stony fall in a glassy reach of stream, was a deep, eddying pool, over-Day of the Year.

As for cooking the trout after it is the pool I waded into the river walst caught, there is a different recipe for deep and cast so that I drew my shadles every day in the year, varying with the bait slowly along the outer edge of it. epicurean tastes of the country. Whether between that and the upper end of the eel rack wing on that side of the rift where forells, Teichforelle or Gwiniad, or plain the water began its swift entrance to that "brook trout" does not matter, for there thoroughfare leading to the trap below. are a hundred and one disguises for the I had judged that the pool would be a good lurking place for a striped bass.

"I must have judged rightly, for I had trailed my hook and bait less than half bass, the line suddenly tautened, the thick tip bent into a half circle, the reel began to the great Théophile Gautier, and Jeanne to whirr at lightning speed, and I knew d'Arc has also received the compliment that the vim and fury of at least one of having a regout of trout named for striped bass had not been lost to him by his coming into those mountain waters

"And I soon found that fighting with striped bass in water where the sea room was limited and characterized by a butter and stuff it with fine herbs, and in bottom of slippery stones and swift tumbles of rocky rifts called for skill are a great delicacy when simply cooked. and endurance on the part of the angler exceeding even those qualities required of him in handling a big fish in the subf. At first this base confined himself to the pool in making his rushes, and then suddenly he made a dash out into the swift upper water of the rift and then down: it in the rapid leading to the eel rack. The reel whirred and whirred.

almost deafening noise, but I am sure was almost as nearly finished that if any one had been standing on the was. But I had landed a ten po

he was towing too heavy a load I cannot say, but as he faced the yawning trap he turned and came swiftly back up the rapid. Not so swiftly, however, that I was able to take in the slack line as fast as he came, so that when he emerged from the rapid and veered back to the pool again I held him once more with a taut line. He rushed wildly about in the pool, this way and that way, once or twice leaping from the water and trying to shake the hook loose. Then I saw that he was a prize that would have

heen worth gaining even from the tossing surf where the big ones. "While the bass kept to the pool I took

to make my way along that course and maintain my footing on the slippery stones maintain my footing on the slippery stones of all sizes and shapes through the swift water of various and unknown depths, keeping the rushing bass in hand the while, until I came to the securer ground of the broad and quiet waters below the rift is to this day a mystery to me, but I did it, and as the bass changed his manœuvres when he found that different environment I soon regained a good portion of the line to my reel, thus getting a new tenure of advantage in the fight.

"But though the desperate fish ran no longer straight away he by no means stopped his struggling. He simply

longer straight away he by no means stopped his struggling. He simply changed his course. He made a rush toward the Pennsylvania shore, but came to a sudden stop when he had whisked fifty feet of line from the reel, paused a moment and then turned back with a rush for the New Jersey side, making three leaps from the water as he sped along in a distance of less than a hundred feet.

"Again he stopped suddenly, paused a be best for him to do next and then headed himself swiftly and directly toward me where I stood almost waist deep in the water. He came so fast that it was impossible for me to take up the slack of the line, and while I did not think of it on the moment the belief came to me soon afterward and I hold to it yet that the bass had a deep laid plan in that movement of his. It was to whip around me as I stood in the water, take a hitch about my legs with the line, as I have seen black bass and trout do with a line about a projecting root or snaggy log, and thus

bass and trout do with a line about a projecting root or snaggy log, and thus get a hold that would enable him to break loose from the hook.

"And there isn't any doubt but that he would have carried out his plan if I had remained in my position, but with the intention of aiding my reel in taking up the slack in the line I began to move backward as fast as I could in the water. I had taken but a few steps in that way when I slipped from a round stone I had got my foot on and fell sidewise into the water.

"Although I went under with the sprawl. I held my rod steady above me and

"Although I went under with the sprawl. I held my rod steady above me and scrambled to my feet. That change of position upset the fish's plan and the commotion in the water frightened him to another course and I had scarcely got to my feet before the line was taut again and the bass was whirring it off the reel in a dash diagonally upstream directly toward the turbulent water where the eel rack discharged the overflow of the rift from above.

"He took out 200 feet of my line before he reached that spot, and as he turried in that tumbling torrent I walked toward it, reeling in line as I walked, endeavoring at the same time to draw the bass away from the rest he was getting. I succeeded and away he went again toward the

and away he went again toward the

from the rest he was getting. I succeeded and away he went again toward the Jersey shore.

"Many little sandbars lay along that shore and a long stretch of the shore itself was gently sloping sand. This was a fortunate thing for me, as I found a little later on. I followed along after the fish as fast as I could, and when he was within a few yards of the shore the water became too shallow for him and he turned and started up the rapid stretch of stream down which I had made my wild rush on his trail when he started from the pool above the head of the rift.

"He was weakening, as I could plainly see, and I hurried to one of the sandbars near the shore, took my position on it and proceeded to manage the base from there. With my rod bending like a tree in a storm I reeled in line against the faltering retreat of the fish. He gradually gave way to the pressure on him and began answering the tug of the line by turning in his course.

"He still made a game struggle, however, and it was only foot by foot that I forced him toward me. I got him at last into the shallow water a few yards off the bar on which I stood. He caught sight of me and with a tug that would have snapped a less substantial rod or line he turned and in spite of the brake I put hard on the reel with my thumb fied away into the river again a hundred feet toward the Pennsylvania shore before his strength failed.

"Yet it was no light work to bring him

of black foxes in Prince Edward Island feet toward the Pennsylvania shore before his strength failed.

"Yet it was no light work to bring him in again. I warped him along and the gameness of the fish was shown almost every foot of the way by his still sturdy plunges, now to the right, now to the left, now with a sudden spurt of strength back into the water behind him until the left, now with a sudden spurt of strength back into the water behind him until the reel sang again and again. But he was all the time coming, and at last he ceased to fight against his fate and came into the shallow water.

"Tired as he was, though, at sight of me again he made another stand and turned to go back. I reached for my gaff. It was gone from its place in my belt. I had lost it when I fell in the water retreating from the rush of the fish out in the middle of the river.

"Here was an unlooked for dilemma and one that might lose me my prize now that it was within my grasp. I took the bass in hand again and soon he came following the reeled in line. Right on close to the sand bar he followed until the water was so shallow it did not cover his body. Taking the line in my hand a couple of feet above the hook I reached carefully out to slip my finger under the gills of the fish as he lay appraently helpless in the shallow.

"My hand was almost to his gill cover" My hand was almost to his gill cover.

stant that it was free, for with vigor astonishing in a thing apparently so nearly done for it gave a flop and landed back into the water. Then was when it was fortunate for me that the Jersey shore land in its hut or in a hollow log.

rection, as if he kept it he would go headlong into the rack, thus spoiling my sport and robbing me of the credit of landing him and of establishing a record in angling in the upper reaches of the Delaware River.

"Almost 200 feet of my line was spun of the reel by the rushing that is spite of my efforts to check him, and he was at the very entrance of the eel rack. The water tumbling over the rocks made an almost deafening noise, but I am sure

almost deafening noise, but I am sure that if any one had been standing on the further shore just then he could have heard above the sound of the rapids the groan that escaped me.

"Whether the bass did not like the appearance of things at the mouth of that fish trap or whether he had found he was towing too heavy a load I cannot perferences, many of them follows: periences, many of them full of a ment and thrills, became mere inco of the sport."

WAY TO COOK PICKEREL

A Recipe Said to Make a Despised Fist Equal to Trout

"The trouble with your finical fishe men who decry the pickerel not only as fish to have sport with but as a fish to eat is," said a New York man who cham pions that fish of small pulchritude and much jaw, "that they don't know how to cook the pickerel after they have caught him. I confess that I didn't know how myself until I heard Manly Hardy, the old Maine woodsman, deliver himself on the subject one day.

"People who come to Maine from other States,' said he, 'seem to think that trout are the only fish to eat, but most of our Maine people, who are where they can ge both pickerel and trout, don't put the former aside for the latter, not by a good deal. They regard pickerel as at least the equal of trout; and pickerel have also the saving quality of not palling on the palate nearly so quickly as trout will.

"The way we cook pickerel to have them better than trout is simple but effective. Take a large pickerel, say from two to four pounds, clean it nicely and split it clean down the back. Then split t again under the backbone so as to ribs. Then rub with fine salt, putting most of it on the thickest parts of the fish. Lap the sides of the fish together or put two fish flesh to flesh and let it lie or several hours or over night, so as slightly to corn the fish, as the salting must not be too heavy. "When the pickerel is wanted for cook

ing, wash it clean, place it fully spread out on a wire broiler and broil before a hot fire. When both sides are thoroughly cooked serve with plenty of fresh butter spread on, and if you do not call it equa to any fresh water fish that swims, brook trout not excepted, then I don't envy you your judgment on the edible qualities of And cooked in that way pickerel is just as good when cold, and that is some thing that can't be said of any other fist I know of.

I know of."
"After trying Hardy's receipe for cooking a pickerel I found that he had understated its results if anything. I venture to say that if some of these carpers at pickerel will paste that recipe in their hats and treat a pickerel according to its directions they will no longer look asker. directions they will no longer look askant at the misjudged fish, but will be ready to take their rods and trolls and go out for many a bout with him, and ever after declare that when a pickerel has a fair chance in water free from weeds or lily pads he can fight as long as most trout

of the same size

"And they won't have to go more than
fifty miles away from New York in almost
any direction to find the material a-plenty

warrant them in saying so, eithe HALF MOOSE, HALF ELK Product of a Region Where the Deer

Family Congregates. "No other locality is known whe together as in Kittson county, in the northwestern corner of Minnesota," said Charles Hallock, the sportsman and nature student, "Within an area of less than seventyfive miles are found moose, elk, caribon and the distinct varieties of blacktail and whitetail deer.

"The two latter, scarcely ever four together, meet there. The caribou is seldom found elsewhere in company with either of them. There the elk contests the easternmost limits of his present range, and the caribou occupies the most southern confines of his, while the lordly moose, noblest of the Cervidæ, ranges the middle ground of that great northern thoroughfare of migration which reaches from Nova Scotia to Alaska without a

break or interruption. "I have seen a rare freak of nature. product of that occupancy of a single range by so many different representa range by so many different representatives of one genus, which shows the horns of a moose and an elk, each perfectly developed on one frontal bone, but all one antier, half moose, half elk. What the animal that wore these horns was like I was unable to ascertain. I should not suppose though that hybridity would manifest itself in the horns alone. Under the conditions of habitat hybridity would not only be quite possible but even not only be quite possible but even

\$2,300 FOR ONE FOX SKIN. More Than Once a Black Fox Skin Has Paid a Farm Mortgage.

The pelt of the pure black fox is the highest priced fur on the market, says the Daily Consular and Trade Reports. The sum of \$2,300 has been paid to a breeder of black foxes in Prince Edward Island for one medium sized, flawless skin of

a couple of feet above the hook I reached carefully out to slip my finger under the gills of the fish as he lay apparently helpless in the shallow.

"My hand was almost to his gill cover when he flopped out of my reach. Mechanically I brought him around with a tug on the line. The tug landed him half of his length on the bar, but its force, together with the weight of the bass, broke the hold of the hook in the fish's jaw.

"That bass seemed to know on the instant that it was free, for with vigor astonishing in a thing apparently so nearly done for it gave a flop and landed back